

Crawford



Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XXXVI.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, MAY 14, 1914.

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

NUMBER 20

The Butcher Boy Says:

"There are no arguments about the Food Products that you buy at this store. We have no 'come-backs' on account of the quality of our goods. High quality is only one of the many features we claim. Strict cleanliness is another watchword with us."

Phone Number Two

Milk's Market

F. H. Milks

The Tango Corset Just Received

The latest style low-bust, long-hip corsets in Batiste and Summer Jeans. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Every pair warranted or money refunded. Exclusive sale of the Warner Rust Proof Corset. These are \$1.00, 1.50, 3.00, 4.00.

A new consignment of Ladies' Wash Dresses—a great bargain, from \$1.25 to \$2.50.

An exclusive new lot of Jap Silks and Washable Waists in Voile and Crepe just opened at this store for your inspection from 89c to \$1.98.

Ladies' Porous Knit Union Suits, lace trimmed at 50c—great values. Also Gauze Union at 25c each. For the ladies the crepe union suits and night dresses are very much in vogue.

A special value in Silk Lisle Hose at 25c and 35c and also Pure Silk Hose at 50c and 69c

A few of the late styles in Ladies' Balamacan Coats. To the Young Men who are trying to add to their appearance, see our latest Bal. Coats.

Would You Believe It?

I have stepped into the ranks for taking measures for Klasy Klotches of Royal Tailors. A nice new line of Boys' K. K. Pants just received—also other patterns to match the coat.

A big consignment of Suit Cases from 98c to \$2.50.

To the Ladies especially, if you want something light and attractive don't miss this store. Ladies' Kid Gloves in white plain and black embroidered backs, also other delicate shades in all sizes.

I also have extra size underwear for extra size people, both Ladies and Gents.

Over 100 pairs of Meu's Oxfords going at \$1.98—values \$3.00 and \$4.00. Hurry! as they are going fast. Good things do not last forever. Have them laid away for pay day. Men's Suits and Boys' Suits. Well I am certainly it. Yours to please,

Frank Dreese

Have you tried the Ford cure? For the shut-in feeling—for that roaming urge—for that tug toward the country-side there's nothing like a day of Ford freedom. And its cost is well within your income. Get your Ford today.

Five hundred dollars is the price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty. f. o. b. Detroit, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from Geo. Burke, Frederic, Mich.

REV. J. HUMPHREY FLEMING
DEAD.

Former Pastor of Grayling Presbyterians Church.

The sad news has reached here that Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming, a former pastor of the Presbyterian church preceding Rev. D. P. Gillies, had passed away at his home in Alma, Monday morning at eight o'clock. Mr. Fleming had had a severe stroke of paralysis, about two weeks ago, which benumbed his right side and rendered him speechless, altho he understood everything that was said to him.

Mr. Fleming had been pastor of the local Presbyterian church for four years before going from here to Alma in November, 1912. He was 69 years of age, an honored veteran of the Civil war, and a member of the local Masonic fraternity.

He was a gentleman of high ideals and character, and deeply loved by those who knew him. While in Grayling he always took an active interest in public affairs, as well as affairs of the church, to which he was sincerely devoted. Altho absent for many months, he will be sincerely mourned and many a loving tear will be shed in his memory.

He leaves a wife and one son, and his comradery in this devoted family will be a severe loss, indeed. The true sympathetic thoughts of the many Grayling friends are with the loved ones who have been left behind.

The funeral was held at the family home yesterday. Floral offerings, tokens of love and esteem, were sent from the Ladies' Union of the local Presbyterian church and one of the Boys' clubs of the church, of which Mr. Fleming was a member.

A Proclamation by the Governor.

Nations that do not remember the dead do not remember the living. We scatter flowers over the graves of the "Boys in Blue" because of our love for them, because of our love for the noblest nation in the world, because of our love for the remaining members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The added stars in our flag, the birth of a world-wide patriotism, the solidarity of the United States, the commercial, social and political progress of our country has been made possible through the valor and self-sacrifice of the boys who fought for the Union.

We who live today learn our lessons of inspiration, of patriotism and service from those heroes. May this day recall sacred memories, may this day afford us one more opportunity for greeting the "old boys" with a smile, with a hearty hand shake, with a "God bless you."

For the boys who died in the Spanish-American war and for the boys who survived we bring like tokens of love and consecration.

Therefore, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby issue this my Proclamation and heartily urge the observance of Saturday, May 30, 1914, as Memorial Day.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
Governor.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE,
Secretary of State.

How One Hustling Western City Cleaned Up.

Here is what a hustling city of the west did in its cleanup campaign:

Forty thousand children forsook their toys for shovels and rakes to help parents clean up the back yards. Women volunteered their services in the crusade to make it the cleanest city on the map.

Commercial clubs made personal canvass of their respective districts.

Everything prepared for the opening of the campaign, when the city teams began to cart away the dirt.

Rubbish not piled, left to be hauled later at householders' expense.

"Congress" Doesn't Tempt McGillivray.

Papers in the southern counties of this district are boasting Deputy State Forestry Warden J. H. McGillivray, of Oscoda, for Congress. Does this expand the young man's head? Not to any noticeable extent. When they mentioned him for state senator and declared the R-puritan nomination would go to him for the asking, he said, "thank you, I believe that I would make you a good senator, but I have a work to accomplish with the forestry department."

Mentioned for congress in the tenth district, McGillivray makes the same response, "thank you all very much, but I have a work to accomplish with the forestry department."

Here we have indication of a man who is so much bigger than his job that he stays on his job because he sees its bigness. Perhaps he can see duty differently in 1916. If he does, he can rely on a strong following in the northern counties where those who know him appreciate his ability and sincerity.—Oscoda County Telegram.

Wall paper hangers ready for your job. Phone Sonnenberg Room. 44-22-2

Stop paying rent. Let Ketzbach Bros. build you a home. 5-7-ff

School Notes

Real Estate Transfers.

Following is a list of the real estate transfers during the months of March and April:

William Mosher to Lucius Fogelberger, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$100.

Robert Wadsworth and wife to Orland F. Barnes, 40 acres in Lovells township. Consideration \$100.

John W. Burke and wife to Henry Ensinger, 1 lot in Frederic. Consideration \$300.

Myrtle E. Helen, Chicago, Ill., to Adeline Hunter, Chicago, 20 acres in South Branch township. Consideration \$400.

Adison M. DeConderes and wife to Thomas E. Monroe, 185.69 acres in Grayling township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

George C. Wright to South Branch Ranch company, 160 acres in South Branch township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Rasmus Rasmussen and wife to Olaf N. Michelson, 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00.

Mose Belleflore and wife to H. A. Bauman, 46 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Geo. W. Hostler and wife to Daniel F. Hostler, 40 acres in Beaver Creek township. Consideration \$50.

Henry A. Bauman and wife to Chas. F. Adams and Margaret B. Adams, 46 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$175.

Gustave Engel and wife to Wm. H. Mosher and wife, 80 acres in Grayling township. Consideration \$100.

O. N. Michelson and wife to Salling, Hanson Co., 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Wm. H. Mosher and wife to Gustave Engel and wife, 1 lot in Roscoe's addition, Grayling. Consideration \$400.

Albert P. Feldhauser to Chas. F. Feldhauser, 40 acres in Maple Forest township. Consideration \$300.

Walmer Jorgenson to Olaf Michelson, 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Spencer Mills to John Mills, 80 acres in South Branch township. Consideration \$500.

Olaf Michelson and wife to John M. Bunting and wife, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

S. N. Insley and wife to Marcus Hanson, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00.

S. N. Insley and wife to Maude M. Hanson, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$50.

M. Hanson and wife to S. N. Insley, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00.

B. H. Hellen and wife to Anna Lybrook, 40 acres in Beaver Creek township. Consideration \$800.

Arthur Kile and wife to State of Michigan, 65.25 acres in Beaver Creek township. Consideration \$1600.

Isabelle Cobb to George Gilbert, 80 acres in Maple Forest township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Arthur D. McEvers and wife to Mary A. Turner, 1 lot in Rasmus Madison's addition, Grayling. Consideration \$5.

Olaf Michelson and wife to M. Hanson, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

J. W. Robinson and wife to Geo. R. Annie, 40 acres in Beaver Creek township. Consideration \$200.

James W. Robinson and wife to Geo. R. Annie, 40 acres in Beaver Creek township. Consideration \$200.

David J. Kitchen and wife to John A. Kitchen and wife, 40 acres in Maple Forest township. Consideration \$300.

O. N. Michelson and wife to Chas. W. Green, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

John H. Cook and wife to Rasmus Hanson, 7 lots in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Chas. G. Powell and wife to Jens Ellerson, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$700.

Edie E. Leighton to Geo. A. Wilbur, 1 lot in Hadley's amended addition, Grayling. Consideration \$700.

O. N. Michelson and wife to Salling, Hanson Co., 80 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

John Kaatz to James Murphy, 20 acres in Maple Forest township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Paul Paetzke and wife to Albert Hoffman and wife, 160 acres in Grayling township. Consideration \$450, etc.

Salling, Hanson Co. to B. Peter Johnson and wife, 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$400, etc.

O. F. Barnes and wife to J. Edward Rose, 1 lot in Lovells township. Consideration \$2500.

Chas. W. Eagles and wife to Horton Pomeroy, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Theodore Christofferson and wife to Fred Hanson, 1 lot in Grayling. Consideration \$600.

Henry N. Ladd to Frederic Thomas 40 acres in Grayling township. Consideration \$10.

May A. Colton to Phoebe A. Owen, 1 lot in Oak Hill park, Grayling township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Nels Larson and wife to O. N. Michelson, 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Hans O. Bolte and wife to O. N. Michelson, 40 acres in Frederic township. Consideration \$1.00, etc.

Jackson, Lanning & Englehart, M. R.

Read Nellie Maxwell's Hints.

The Avalanche wants to be of the greatest possible benefit to the house-keeper aside from being used on the shelves after it has been read. On another page of this issue will be found a two column department edited by Nellie Maxwell, headed "The Kitchen Cabinet." Miss Maxwell is a frequent contributor to these columns and her work is the best available on the subject. If there were any better we would use it instead. You will notice her writing is not confined to recipes. She covers the entire range of housekeeping.

Big Surprise to Many in Grayling.

Local people are surprised at the quick results received from simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-kra, the German appendicitis remedy. A. M. Lewis states that this simple remedy septices the digestive system and draws off the impurities so thoroughly that a single dose removes sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation instantly.

Every Step You Take is One of Comfort and Pride, too,

If you are wearing E. P. Reed Shoes. Their superb fitting, their delightful ease and long service have won for REED the admiration of the best dressed women everywhere. You get full value when you buy Reed's Oxfords, Pumps and Shoes, priced from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

New Spring and Summer Goods are on display. Never were we able to offer you better goods at a less price than we are to-day.

Headquarters for popular priced Corsets and Brassieres. Brassieres, so essential for the present dress styles, at prices from 25c. to 50c. The American Lady Corset we are showing in all the new styles, made to fit every figure and fancy, at popular prices ranging from 50c. to \$2.00.

Emil Kraus.

GRAYLING'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

Our Groceries Coax a Sluggish Appetite They MAKE You Eat

We know that every person when about to purchase groceries thinks of getting something that will tempt their appetite. We have everything imaginable in the line of fancy groceries—dainties that cannot fail to make a person want to eat no matter how sluggish their appetite has been.

If you can't eat, come to our store and we will show you something that will appeal to you.

Phone No. 25. Promptly Delivered.

H. Petersen
Your Grocer.

LIVERY & SALES STABLES

Prompt livery service ready at any time. Also heavy work.

Farms and farm lands and village property for sale.

N. P. OLSON Grayling
Langvin's Old Store.

PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT CEREMONIES OVER HERO-DEAD AT NEW YORK

Bluejackets and Marines who Gave Lives in Occupation of Vera Cruz are Honored by City, State and Nation when their Relatives are Brought Home

New York.—The dead from Vera Cruz were landed on American soil Monday, and city, state and nation paid their tribute.

Two hours before the city was astir, 27 flag-draped coffins were removed from the boat deck of the armored cruiser Montana and placed on caissons on the plaza in Battery park. Few witnessed this ceremony, for the sun was but half risen; but thousands later lined the streets to watch the slow procession wind its way to the navy yard. Perhaps not since the Dewey parade has there been such a spontaneous demonstration. That however, was a noisy tribute to a returning victor; this a reverent one to the returning dead.

Great Throng Witness Procession.

Silent thousands long before 8 o'clock began making their way toward lower Manhattan; others massed about the city hall, where the procession was to halt briefly; still others lined the approaches to the Manhattan bridge, and finally a great throng gathered at the navy yard, where eulogies were to be said. Many wore little bows of black; others wore bands of black on their sleeves.

President Wilson arrived in the city from Washington shortly after 7 o'clock almost unobserved. He was taken immediately to the home of his friend, Col. E. M. House, and thence to the Battery to take a place in the procession. It had at first been arranged that the president was to go to the navy yard to receive the nation's dead on government ground but at the last moment Mr. Wilson changed his mind and was driven to the Battery so as to participate in the ceremonies from beginning to end. When he reached the Battery the hero-dead were on gun caissons, police had lined the way and the procession was ready to move.

Twenty-four picked mounted police led the way. Behind them were the combined bands of the dreadnaughts Wyoming and Texas, and behind the band, 600 bluejackets from these ships.

Next came the coffins, in single file. At the side of each rode a policeman, and at the corner of each caisson trudged a national guardsman. The Stars and Stripes alone covered the caissons.

Behind the last caisson came the carriages bearing the president, the secretary of the navy, senators, congressmen and representatives of the state and city.

Such a Scene Never Witnessed Before

Never had the battery witnessed such a scene. Noiselessly almost, tugs nosed up to pier A and with a precision that is the navy's, the 17 dead were landed, grouped on the caissons. Immediately the bluejackets who were to march began to assemble. The men from the Texas came by tug from the navy yard whence their ship was to sail later in the day for Mexican waters. The Wyoming's men came ashore in their own boats. It was the Wyoming that convoyed the funeral ship into the harbor Sunday, and all night long, outlined in lights, she swung at anchor 300 yards ahead of the Montana's bow.

The cortège began to move at 9 o'clock, the ship's bands playing a funeral march; bluejackets with arms reversed. The crowd stood with bared heads silent. Through the sky, a scarp canon of lower Broadway past old Trinity church and into the city hall plaza the procession passed.

Services Simple and Brief.

At city hall, whose columns and portico were draped in black, the cortège halted while Mayor Mitchell placed on a caisson a wreath of orchids, the city's tribute. As he did so the bluejackets stood at present arms, and 800 school children sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Gathered at the city hall were perhaps 10,000 spectators.

From there the route lay north across Manhattan bridge to Brooklyn and the navy yard. There the ceremonies, as arranged, were simple and comparatively brief. A hymn by

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

The two and one-half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Ziekobitz, of Jackson, wandered onto the Michigan Central tracks Saturday and was killed by a passenger train.

Attorney-General Fellows Friday started suit against the Traverse City, Leelanau & Manistie railroad to collect \$1,718.92 taxes for 1913 and 1914.

First Wednesday evening destroyed the Carroll foundry in Houghton, with a loss of \$500,000, on which there is \$280,000 insurance. It is not known how the fire started.

Fire of unknown origin damaged the Port Huron Lumber Co.'s plant at Port Huron Wednesday. Fireman James Nelson was seriously injured. The loss is \$30,000.

The board of education at Coldwater has employed T. E. Johnson, superintendent at Onaway, as superintendent of the schools next year. Nearly 100 applicants to succeed C. A. Stone were received.

Miss Mary Fomant, 26 years old, of Saginaw, has been notified that she is one of the successful ones in the drawing for lands on the Fort Peck reservation soon to be opened to settlement in Montana. The land is supposed to be of considerable value and Miss Fomant has gone to Montana to make her selection.

CHARLES W. POST KILLS HIMSELF

NOTED BATTLE CREEK MILLIONAIRE A SUICIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

BAD HEALTH THOUGHT CAUSE

Built Up Great Fortune As Cereal Manufacturer By Spending Great Sum of Money in Advertising.

Battle Creek—This city was shocked Saturday by the news that Charles W. Post, wealthy cereal food manufacturer, had shot himself to death with a rifle at Santa Barbara, California.

Mr. Post had been out of health for some time. Recently he made a hurried trip to Rochester, Minn., to undergo a major operation to save his life. He had been in a nervous state since his return to California and had fought against an inclination to suicide for some time, according to the testimony given at the inquest by Miss Ella Benson, his nurse.

Could Not Control Nerves.

The nurse said Mr. Post had a horror of a weapon of any kind for several weeks. He had requested that firearms be removed from the house, and it was thought that the Post was low and fervent and his face was grave.

"Mr. Post," she said, "I know that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me are not feelings that can be expressed in eloquence or oratory. For my own part I have a mixture of feeling."

"The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death. But yet I feel a profound pride and envy that they should have been permitted to do their duty so nobly."

Both Mrs. Post and the nurse said they did not know how Mr. Post had procured the rifle. Its presence in the room was taken by them to indicate that he had planned his death some time in advance.

Mr. Post discussed his private financial affairs with his wife Saturday, and at his request Mrs. Post went downtown to transact some business for him. It was while she was away that he shot himself.

Spent Millions in Advertising.

Post came to Battle Creek first as a patient in a sanitarium. His first home here was a health resort known as "La Vita Inn." He afterwards took up the manufacture of cereal foods which made him millions of dollars. His success was due to extensive advertising for which he expended enormous sums of money.

This city is greatly interested in the effect Mr. Post's death will have on his enterprises here. He was chief owner and in personal touch with the Postum Cereal Co. and its allied manufacturing interests; the Post Tavern, a 10-story hotel; the Post and Majestic business blocks; Battle Creek Paper Co.; Square Deal Magazine Publishing Co.; Post Land Co.; Central National bank; Morning Enquirer and Evening News, and other businesses. Most of these will continue as usual without a doubt, as Post had a "cabinet" of efficient and wealthy men capable of looking after all interests.

PLAN MEETING OF FIREMEN

State Convention Will Be Held at Saginaw, June 23-25.

Saginaw, Mich.—Plums are well under way for the entertainment of the delegates to the fortieth annual convention of the Michigan State Firemen's association to be held here June 23-25.

The program will include feats in fire-fighting efficiency and practical demonstrations in ladder raising, wall scaling, running lines of hose on roofs of high buildings, jumping into life saving nets as well as an exhibition by makers of several kinds of modern fire fighting appliances.

A banquet will be given for delegates.

Lindsay Given Minimum Sentence.

Bay City, Mich.—Edward T. Lindsay, teller of the Second National bank of Saginaw, who on Thursday pleaded guilty to embezzeling about \$12,000 from the bank, was given the minimum sentence allowed by law by Judge Tuttle of the United States court Saturday. Lindsay will go to the Detroit house of correction for five years.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

Present indications are that the per capita allowance to schools from the primary fund, which last year was \$7.41, will be less this year owing to an increase in the number of pupils.

Plans for Cadillac's \$35,000 sewerage reduction plant were submitted Monday by W. C. Hood of Ann Arbor, and General Manager Carr will advertise for bids for the work.

Claude Chappell, of Charlotte, has been elected city manager of Big Rapids under commission form of government. The place pays \$4,000 as a starter.

The body of George Edward, lost in November, 1912, has been found in the woods near his home, 20 miles from Harrislville. Death was due to exposure.

The Alba Review, published by Tom R. Campbell, has been sold to B. E. Beawick, of Cheboygan. The paper was established about six months ago by Mr. Campbell.

The Business Men's association at Imley City has been notified by the Detroit conference of the M. E. church that the proposed line from Romeo and Almont to Imley City will be placed in service September 1 if this city will provide a free right of way.

Leander B. Shaw, who was a trooper of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, participated in the capture of Jefferson Davis, died at Saginaw Friday morning at the age of 84 years. It is believed that he was the last survivor of that famous capture.

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

MEMORIAL DAY IS PROCLAIMED BY GOVERNOR

Lansing, Mich.—Governor Ferris has issued the following Memorial day proclamation:

"Nations that do not remember the dead do not remember the living. We scatter flowers over the graves of the 'boys in blue' because of our love for them, because of our love for the noblest nation in the world, because of our love for the remaining members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The added stars in our flag, the birth of a world-wide patriotism, the solidarity of the United States, the commercial, social and political progress of our country has been made possible through the valor and self-sacrifice of the boys who fought for the Union."

"We who live today learn our lessons of inspiration, of patriotism and service from those heroes. May this day once more afford us the opportunity for greeting the 'old boys' with a smile, with a hearty handshake, with a 'God bless you.'

"For the 'boys' who died in the Spanish-American war and for the 'boys' who survived we bring like tokens of love and consecration.

"Therefore, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, governor of the state of Michigan, do hereby issue this, my proclamation, and heartily urge the observance of Saturday, May 30, 1914, as Memorial day."

REPRESENTATIVES OF U. S. ARE ANNOUNCED



JOSEPH RUCKER LAMAR.

Washington—Associate Justice Joseph Rucker Lamar of the U. S. supreme court and Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, former solicitor general, have been selected by the president to represent his views before the South American mediators in Niagara Falls, Canada. Secretary Bryan made this official announcement Monday.

LABOR LEADERS WIN CASE

Sentences Imposed On Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison Set Aside By Supreme Court.

Washington—The contempt sentence imposed by the district supreme court upon Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, labor leaders, was set aside by the supreme court for the second time, as bar by the statute of limitations.

Justice Holmes said the case turned upon the point that the contempt proceedings should have been started within three years from the date of the committing of the offenses. He said that proceedings for contempt should be speedy and thus come within the purpose of the statute of limitations, which request prosecution within three years.

Justices Pitney and Vandeventer dissented.

The contempt charged against the labor leaders occurred in 1907 and early 1908, about the time the District of Columbia supreme court issued an injunction prohibiting the federation officials from boycotting the Buck's Stove & Range Co. of St. Louis, then in a labor war with organized labor.

The labor leaders were sentenced to jail but the supreme court of the U. S. in 1911 set the conviction aside because they had been proceeded against as if the proceedings were a part of the boycott suit. The district court the day after the reversal then began proceedings against the leaders for the same offense.

ROBBERS LOOT FIVE STORES

Business Houses in Vicksburg Looted by Burglars.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Burglars Thursday night looted five different business places in Vicksburg, securing nearly \$100 in cash. In several of the places safes were pried open with heavy iron bars.

Not until the stores were opened Friday morning were the robbers discovered. Entrance was gained in all of the places through rear doors. The Rochester Clothing Co. lost \$43, the A. M. Palmer hardware store \$35, and the Vicksburg Lumber Co. about \$7. The R. D. Jenkinson grain elevator and the Goodell feed mill were broken into, but nothing was taken. It is believed the men made their escape on a freight train.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Every teacher in Flint will receive from \$125 to \$200 a year increase, which will boost the budget.

Harry J. Hill, of Detroit, has made the plans for the new \$50,000 addition to be built to St. Philip's Catholic church of Battle Creek. Work has been detailed to complete the work of inspection at Lansing.

Capt. H. O. Ragedale, who has been instructor for the Michigan national guard for the last year, has been detailed to Fort Porter. Lieut.-Col. Charles Muhr, of Chicago, has been detailed to complete the work of inspection at Lansing.

Arnold Smith, a young farmer, was drowned near New Baltimore Sunday when a boat in which Smith, his brother Paul, and Leslie Sutherland were fishing upset as Paul and Sutherland attempted to change seats. Paul and Sutherland clutched the side of the boat and were rescued by Robert Martin.

Governor Ferris has re-appointed Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, a member of the Michigan historical commission. Peter N. Peterson, of Escanaba, has been named as assistant probation officer for the twenty-fifth judicial circuit.

Capt. H. O. Ragedale, who has been instructor for the Michigan national guard for the last year, has been detailed to Fort Porter. Lieut.-Col. Charles Muhr, of Chicago, has been detailed to complete the work of inspection at Lansing.

Peter F. Gray, who was recently appointed postmaster of Lansing, has not resigned his position as city clerk because the charter provides no method for filling a vacancy in any city office. City Attorney Dunneback, who refused the postmasterhip, is trying to figure out a solution of the problem.

Nine passengers and one trainman were slightly injured Thursday when P. O. & N. passenger train No. 50 of the Grand Trunk system ran into a open switch at Eames and collided with several freight cars.

The Grand Rapids street car company has announced a voluntary increase in the wages of its older men and conductors. They are now getting 26 cents an hour; after May 15 they will receive 26 1/2 cents for their fourth year in the service and 27 cents for their fifth year and thereafter.

Lansing residents threaten to attack the validity of the Pay bill, which provides that every shipment of liquor must be marked with the name of the consignee and a statement of its contents. It is maintained that this procedure is contrary to the constitution.

The state department of public instruction has made Smith school district No. 1 in Richland township, and Pokagon school, district No. 1, in James township, Saginaw county, standard rural schools. There are six in Michigan, Saginaw county having two.

State Treasurer John W. Haarer announced Thursday that he had accepted the position of cashier of the City National Bank of Lansing. This is the position that was held by Fred Hopkins, who shot and killed himself a few days ago, shortly before it was discovered that he was short \$57,000 in his accounts.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Livestock

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 541; bulls and heavy grades steady; others 10@15c higher; best steers and heifers, \$8@8.25; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs, \$7.50@7.75; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, \$7@7.25; steers and heifers that were fat, 600 to 700 lbs, \$6.50@7.15; choice fat cows, \$6.25@6.75; good fat cows, \$6.75@7.25; common cows, \$4.75@5.25; cannery, \$3.25@4.50; choice heavy bulls, \$6.75@7.25; fair to good bologna bulls, \$6@6.50; stock bulls, \$5@5.75; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000 lbs, \$6.50@6.75; choice stockers, 500 to 700 lbs, \$6.50@7.25; stock heifers, \$5@5.75; common, \$4@4.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,851; market steady; best lambs, \$7@7.25; fair lambs, \$6.50@6.75; light to common lambs, \$4.50@5.25; fair to good sheep, \$3.50@4.25; culms and common, \$3.50@4.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,016; all grades, \$8.50.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 4,000; market steady to strong; prime steers, \$7.95—\$8.35; best 1,200 to 1,300-lb steers, \$8.50@8.85; best 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers \$8.25@8.60; coarse and plain weighty steers, \$7.75@8.25; fancy yearlings, \$8.40@8.75; medium to good, \$8@8.25; choice handy steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs, \$8@8.25; fair to good, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs, \$7.75@8.25; extra good cows, \$7.25@7.50; fancy yearlings, \$8.40@8.75; fancy handers, \$8.50@8.75; grassers, \$8.25@8.75; trimmers, \$8.75@9.25; best heifers, \$7.75@8.25; medium butcher heifers, \$8.75@9.25; stock heifers, \$6.25@6.50; best feeding steers, \$7.50@8.25; fair to good, \$7@7.25; best stock steers, \$7.25@7.50; common light steers, \$6.50

HOME DEPARTMENT OF THE AVALANCHE

FEATURES OF INTEREST AND VALUE TO THE WOMEN IN THE HOMES OF GRAYLING AND CRAWFORD COUNTY.

The Kitchen Cabinet

Work is the artist that builds a splendid arch; worry, the enemy which removes the keystone, allowing the structure to fall.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

When you are roasting or baking set the alarm clock at the time you desire to look at your dishes and you can freely give your mind to other work.

Put a silver knife in a glass fruit jar down to the fruit to let out every bit of air. See that the knife is well scalded and clean.

After the rubber and lid has been placed on a jar and screwed as tightly as possible with the handle of a knife or fork, press the edge of the lid down all around, pressing firmly down on the rubber. You will never have a leaky jar if you have good rubbers and tops well put on.

When wiping the jars use a special cloth for the purpose, not the dish-cloth.

A delicious sandwich filling is chopped almonds which have been blanched and two parts of finely chopped celery with a dash of salt and a little mayonnaise dressing.

Flour sacks make good dish towels. To remove the lettering rub well with soap and put into cold water with a little kerosene. The paint will soften and often one boiling will do the work. If not entirely removed, soap again and boil up once more. Rinse and hang out on the line.

Kerosene will clean porcelain like magic. Rub the surface to be cleaned with a cloth dampened with kerosene, and it will not injure the surface.

Rub the cork which is used in the glue or cement bottle with vaseline, and it will always be removed easily.

Waxed paper is a great convenience in the home. It will preserve eatables from the air and keep them moist.

It is indispensable in the lunch basket. Cheese well wrapped in waxed paper will keep moist and eatable.

Fruit wrapped in it will keep fresh, and if kept on ice will be most attractive when served.

Try using a small piece of mosquito netting basted under the large hole of the child's stocking and weave the darned "cotton in" and out of its meshes. This will prove a great help to a tired mender of many hose.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time, money or anything else, to the best possible advantage.—John Ruskin.

EASY DESSERTS.

There is no dessert which is easier made than the frozen one, especially that which needs no stirring in the freezer. The following one is a great favorite with those who are fortunate enough to have the recipe.

Take the juice of two oranges, two lemons, two cups of sugar, two cups of milk, and two cups of cream, mix well and stir slowly in the freezer at first. Let stand to ripen for two hours or more after freezing.

Cherry Parfait.—Cook two cups of sugar and a cupful of water to get them together until the threads, pour this hot syrup over the well beaten whites of six eggs, beat until cool, cut two and a half cupsful of cherries into bits, roll in powdered sugar. Beat a quart of cream, reserve a cupful of cream and fold into the egg whites, add a tablespoonful of vanilla. Pack in a pail if no better mold is at hand, and let stand four hours. Serve with the following sauce:

Orange Sauce.—Beat the yolks of six eggs, add a cupful and a half of sugar, the juice of two oranges, and cook over hot water until thick, cool and fold in the cup of reserved cream.

Duchess Loaf.—Boil a pint of cherry juice with the juice of half a lemon and a cupful of sugar, ten minutes. Whip a pint of cream, add half a cupful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of vanilla and a half cupful of finely minced candied cherries. Put into a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours.

Velvet Sherbet.—Take the juice of three lemons, a quart of milk and two cupsfuls of sugar, mix well and freeze.

A plain ice cream will become a most elegant dish with the addition of some chopped nuts, candied ginger, chocolate sauce or a maple sauce.

In fact, a sauce of any preserved fruit is always an addition.

When strawberries are reasonable in price there need be no question of dessert, for this queen of fruits makes a most delectable sauce, as well as an ice with water or a sherbet with cream when frozen.

Have patience; here are flowers and birds.

Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight, All summer's glory time, from morn till night.

And life too full of joy for uttered words.

CODFISH SPECIALTIES.

The people of New England know how to prepare the fresh and salt cod in a great number of simple and delicious dishes.

Codfish Balls.—The salted fish is of course never as good as the fresh, but we must be satisfied with that when the fresh fish is unobtainable. Pick up two cupfuls of the fish and pour over it cold water to cover and simmer gently for 15 minutes, then pour off the water. Have prepared three cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, season with salt, pepper and three tablespoonsfuls of butter and three of cream. Stir into the potato the fish, form into balls, dip in egg and fry in deep fat just before using.

Codfish Porterhouse.—Pick up two-thirds of a cupful of salt cod, pour over it two cupfuls of cold water and simmer gently for 15 minutes after it begins to boil. Drain the water off and put into the pan with the fish two tablespoonsfuls of butter. Pour into it three cupfuls of good, rich milk or one of cream and one of milk is better. Stir two tablespoonsfuls of flour smooth in half a cupful of milk; pour this into the hot milk and stir it until smooth, allowing it to simmer for five minutes after it is thick. Just before taking from the fire break into it three fresh eggs. Let the whites set before the yolks are broken and then stir them in lightly. Take from the fire at once and pour into the serving dish, dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve with baked potatoes.

Health and good digestion are dependent, respectively, upon preparing flavor due to skillful preparation and good cooking; and sub-sequently to a cheerful and harmonious state of mind on the part of the eater.—James.

HINTS TO STORE FOR USE.

When traveling in a sleeper and too much draft is felt from a window, a good way to have the fresh air is to put a lead pencil under the sash, and the small crack will let in enough air to keep the air in the berth pure.

Keep an old comb to remove lint and hair from the sweeping brush.

When bathing the baby lay him on a pad and towel on a sewing table,

unless he is to be put into a bath, as the little one is much easier bathed and not so apt to have his back injured as when held on the lap.

When fly paper gets on wood or the floor soak it with vinegar.

Always carry a few flax seeds in your purse, and if a cinder gets in the eye the moistened flax seed will slide in easily and gather up the painful foreign body.

A shelf over a gas stove or just back of it within reach is a great convenience, as one may keep the seasoning there. The shelf may have holes underneath on which may be hung the most used utensils, all near at hand.

Cotton crepe is becoming the ideal home dress material, as it is also for underskirts. A bit of lace or a ruffle may be put upon the skirt which can be starched and ironed if so desired, but the dress simply needs washing and drying on a hanger, when it is clean, clear, and ready for wear.

Lodging marks may be removed with ammonia. Put it on until the spot disappears, then wash well.

For mud stains, allow the mud to dry, then brush briskly with a whisk broom, and the spots will usually disappear.

Ink stains, as well as paint, may be removed by turpentine and soap.

When you find coco or chocolate stain on linen, soak in cold water, rubbing well to loosen any fat, then wash in hot suds.

Velvet Sherbet.—Take the juice of three lemons, a quart of milk and two cupsfuls of sugar, mix well and freeze.

A plain ice cream will become a most elegant dish with the addition of some chopped nuts, candied ginger, chocolate sauce or a maple sauce.

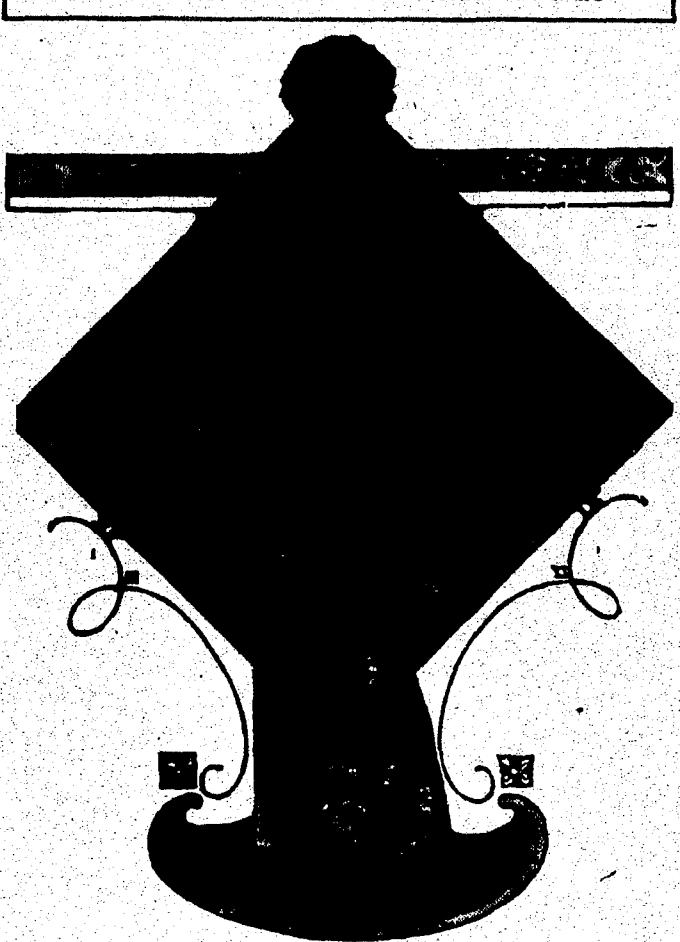
Dame Founders Artist Home.

Eleonora Duse, the greatest actress in Italy, has contributed \$2,000 toward the foundation of an artist's home or club in Rome. Signora Duse says that Italian actors and actresses in Italy are relegated to a sort of ghetto, and it is high time that they should have a home or club with a library, a reading room, a lecture hall, and other comforts. Very likely Signora Duse will give her villa in Rome for the artist's home which she hopes to have inaugurated next month.

Credited to Gratification

A member of the Pacific Union Club, San Francisco, owns a handsome place up in Marin county in which he takes great pride. A few days ago he was boasting that he made \$6,000 or it last year. "Did you include the earnings of the farm when you made your income?" asked a reporter of Benicia. "I did not. Why should I?" "Why you said you made \$6,000 from it?" "Oh, that wasn't actually cash, \$5,000 of it was personal gratification."

Graduate's Gown of Embroidered Voile



WHEREWITHAL she shall be clothed, is the question uppermost in the mind of the mother of the sweet girl graduate, and occupying much of the girl's attention, too. She must have a gown, girlie in design, fine as to workmanship, and elaborate enough to do honor to the occasion.

Here is a French conception for a young girl from the establishment of Raulin. It is a masterpiece, but simple enough to be easily followed by the copyist. And the copyist will do well to be as faithful to the original as possible.

The under skirt is of white voile, showing a few scattered sprays of fine embroidery. Instead of a hem at the bottom there is a wide band of the voile ornamented with close-set sprays of embroidery. It is set on to the bottom of the skirt with an insertion of very narrow fine val lace and is split at the front. This narrow insertion extends all around the border of embroidery and serves to join it to the lace edging, which finishes the gown at the bottom.

The bodice is of the point d'esprit, draped with voile and trimmed with an embroidered border like that at the bottom of the skirt. This extends from the shoulders down each side of the bodice at the front. The sleeves are finished with a ruffle like that which borders the overskirt.

The girdle is made of a wide bias strip of blue satin finished with a narrow ruffle under which it fastens with tiny hooks and eyes.

Bewitching, Inexpensive Morning Garb



THE morning glories will have to be glorious indeed if they charm our eyes more than the maids who make such morning apparel for themselves as is pictured here.

This morning cap and negligee from Raulin of Paris is beautiful enough to inspire every one with a desire to own one like it.

For the jacket there is a foundation made of net, or maybe voile, with short, loose sleeves. The sleeves are finished with rows of val lace, the lower row bordered with a narrow silk finishing braid of a fancy design.

The seams of the jacket are set together with a narrow insertion of lace.

Two long scarves of figured net edged with val lace are folded in at the shoulder seams under loops of ribbon. They are tucked to the jacket.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

A Pharisee

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL
Assistant to the Dean
Maudsley Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—"Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican." Luke 18:10.

The Pharisee thanked God he was not as the rest of men—he thought he was the best man in the world. The publican cried, literally, "God be merciful to me a sinner"—he thought he was the worst man in the world. So we may commend this story to all, the best man in the world and the worst.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortions, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

Note that he stood, he prayed with himself rather than to God, and he used "I" five times. All the points he enumerates may have been valid, yet he might have voiced the same facts on this wise: "I thank thee, O God, I am not unjust, but thou knowest how unmerciful I am; I am not as this publican, but with his opportunities I might have been worse; I fast twice in the week, yet I choose the market days that I may be seen of man, and my fasting needs to be forgiven; I give tithes of all, beyond the requirements of the law, I omit."

Those who trust in themselves that they are righteous forget.

The Possibility of Evil Within.

The English martyr, John Bradford, cried out as a murderer was led to the gallows, "There I go but for the grace of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Every soul has the tinder of sin within it, and needs only the spark of temptation to set it afame. No man, apart from the grace of God, knows what depths he may descend.

The self-righteous forget.

The Humility of the Saints.

Holy men never boast of their goodness. Paul, after suffering many things for Christ's sake, wrote himself down "the chief of sinners." John Bunyan spent twelve years in Bedford jail for Christ, yet he calls his autobiography "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." When John Wesley thought he was dying, he reviewed his sixty years of Christian service, yet said his hope of salvation was expressed in the words of the hymn,

I am the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me.

When Charles Spurgeon was ill, he said he would have many things to preach should he recover, but that just four words were enough,

Jesus died for me.

This is the way the saints speak of themselves.

Those who trust in themselves that they are righteous forget.

The Necessity of Calvary.

Why did Jesus die? In order that God might be just and yet justify the ungodly. A solution of this problem was found only by the wisdom and love of God in sending his Son to die as the substitute for sinners. It meant the strong crying and bloody sweat of Gethsemane—and we believe Christ really sweat blood. It meant the scourging, which was the punishment of slaves and criminals, often destroying the eyes or exposing the entrails. Christ was so faint they carried him to the cross, and the coming forth of blood and water from his side showed he died, literally, of a broken heart. But one element in his suffering we can never understand—the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In loneliness and darkness he bore the sins of men and this cry was like one breaker on the shore, telling of a sea of sorrow unimaginable. Thus a holy God shows his estimate of sin, and this is the price at which he provides redemption. What folly for a man to trust himself that he is righteous!

The self-righteous forget.

The Great White Throne.

John writes, "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20:11, 12, 15).

Man could face that ordeal hopefully, unless he had put his trust in the Savior and was written in the book of life.

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A Pretty Mess



town regard our store as a club room where they can assemble for preliminary business without the formality of calling a meeting.

Central Drug Store

Crawford Avalanche

o. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	.75
Three Months.....	.40

Edited as a second-class matter at the Postoffice, Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 14

Correspondence

Loveless.

Miss Marsella Simons of Flint spent Sunday at the Douglas club house.

Mrs. E. H. Perry of Charlton, Iowa, is here at her ranch home for an indefinite length of time.

Mrs. Peter Bowman of Lewiston was the guest of Mrs. C. Stillwagon over Sunday.

Miss Beulah Lantz of Lewiston spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Peter Frank.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Clark and daughters, Leelah and Katherine, were guests of the McCormicks over Sunday.

Several young people of Lewiston enjoyed a dancing party at the Lovells pavilion last Saturday evening. Clark's orchestra of Grayling furnished the music. Refreshments were served and everyone had a fine time.

Maple Forest Breezes.

The telephone line begins to look as if the farmers would soon be saying "Hello."

A. J. Charron's auto is once more ready for use. Lucky school is still going.

The school at district No. 3 improved Arbor day by planting trees in the school yard.

Farming is progressing rapidly here. Some have already started planting.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox expects to leave shortly to begin her summer's work for Feldhauser Bros.

Wm. Feldhauser's barn is nearly completed. It certainly speaks well for the country to see such improvements being made.

There will be a dance at Mrs. Clara Wilcox's home Saturday, May 23d. Everyone invited to come and have a good time.

ROBIN.

Chamberlain's Liniment.

This preparation is intended especially for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and like ailments. It is a favorite with people who are well acquainted with its splendid qualities. Mrs. Charles Tanner, Wabash Ind., says of it, "I have found Chamberlain's Liniment the best thing for lame back and sprains I have ever used. It worked like a charm and relieves pain and soreness. It has been used by others of my family as well as myself for upwards of twenty years." 25 and 50 cent bottles. For sale by all Dealers.

Local News

Mrs. C. A. Canfield is visiting her parents in Gladwin for a few weeks. Mrs. Wm. Hammond returned on Monday from a ten days visit at Bay City.

Mrs. L. Bohrander left on Thursday last for Detroit to visit friends for several days.

Burt Peterson left on Monday afternoon for Manistee, where he expects to work.

Mrs. E. B. Houghton is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Iva Pierce of West Branch this week.

Heating stove for sale. At your own price if taken at once. Enquire at Avalanche office.

New goods coming in every day at Brenner's. Call in and see what bargains we have to offer.

Miss Bessie Failing left on Wednesday morning for Ann Arbor to attend the May Festival held in that city this week.

Peter Brown is placing the McKay house upon timbers preparatory to removing it, to make room for the new hotel.

Owing to the small attendance at the boxing contest that was scheduled to be held at the opera house last Monday night, it was declared off.

Mrs. E. H. Campbell and children of Newberry, are visiting the lady's sister, Mrs. A. M. Lewis.

Illness of the little daughter necessitated a hurry-up call for the father, who arrived last night.

Benjamin Jerome of Grand Rapids is visiting his wife, who has been spending a few weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Bates. While here Mr. Jerome is enjoying a little trout fishing.

Arbor day was observed at the school house by the planting of shade trees and the following program was rendered:

Song, Tree Planting, by the school.

Reading, The Governor's Proclamation, Mr. Knapp.

Recitation, A Charge to the Elements, Claude Parker.

Resitation, If I Were Pan, Eva Raymond.

Quotation Group, Six children.

Reading, Address to School Children, Matilda Moon.

Recitation, The Pine Forest, Laura Moon.

Song, Spring Lessons, school.

Recitation, The Open Secret, Anna Parker.

Recitation, Slumber Song, Flora Moon.

Reading, Michigan, Claire Parker.

Recitation, A Charge to the Tree, Percy Failing.

Song, Class Tree, school.

Beaver Creek.

Mr. Arthur Keene has been drilling a well on the Burton place.

Raymond Kuapp made a flying trip to Houghton lake Saturday.

Howard Annis had the misfortune to cut his foot with an ax.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Benedict were visiting at Geo. Ausis' Sunday.

W. J. Halliday made a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen last week.

Wm. H. Bryan of Chicago was in Wellington last week looking at property with a view to locating.

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Recitation, A Charge to the Tree, Percy Failing.

Song, Class Tree, school.

The Car that Gets There.

Harrisonville, W. Va., Oct. 11, 1913. Apperson Bros. Auto Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Sirs: The "Apperson Jack Rabbit" surely is "some car." It is running better every day, and pulling all hills around here on intermediate; including the ones I hung up on.

A short time back I made a trip of one hundred and three miles in one day and on the trip pulled some of the steepest grades I have ever seen on a country road, and came home in fine shape, and my gasoline consumption was small in comparison with the roads I traveled.

I have now run the "Jack Rabbit" 150 miles and have had no mechanical trouble or breakage.

Very truly yours,

CLAUDE B. REXROAD.

I have the agency for this car in Northern Michigan, and will be glad to furnish any information upon request. The car is a wonder.

T. E. DOUGLAS,

Lovells, Mich.

NOTICE.

The Board of Review of the Village of Grayling will meet at the Town Hall, May 26th and 27th, 1914, for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll.

JAMES W. SORENSEN,
ASSCSSLOR.

GRAYLING AND VICINITY.

Local News

Local News</h

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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BY M. P. GIBS.

Charliss Wrondall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrondall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrondall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrondall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected her wife. Mrs. Wrondall starts for New York in an effort to find the girl who had run away. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who has come to New York to find her. Wrondall, realizing that the girl had done her a service in aiding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had deserted her, decides to shield her to her own home. Mrs. Wrondall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except the portion concerning Hetty's return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. (Leslie Wrondall, brother of Charliss, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty.)

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Sara and Hetty did not stay long in town. The newspapers announced the return of Charliss Wrondall's widow and reporters sought her out for interviews. The old interest was revived and columns were printed about the murderer at Burton's inn, with sharp editorial comments on the failure of the police to clear up the mystery.

"I shall ask Leslie down for the week-end," said Sara, the third day after their arrival in the country. The house was huge and lonely, and time hung rather heavily despite the glorious uplift of spring.

Hetty looked up quickly from her book. A look of dismay flickered in her eyes for an instant and then gave way to the calmness that had come to dwell in their depths of late. Her lips parted in the sudden impulse to cry out against the plan, but she checked the words. For a moment her dark, questioning eyes studied the face of her benefactress; then, as if nothing had been revealed to her, she allowed her gaze to drift pensively out toward the sunset sea.

They were sitting on the broad veranda overlooking the sound. The dusk of evening was beginning to steal over the earth. She laid her book aside.

"Will you telephone in to him after dinner, Hetty?" went on Sara, after a long period of silence.

Again Hetty started. This time a look of actual pain flashed in her eyes.

"Would not a note by post be more certain to find him in the—?" she began hurriedly.

"I dislike writing notes," said Sara calmly. "Of course, dear, if you feel that you'd rather not telephone him, I can—"

"I dare say I am finicky, Sara," apologized Hetty in quick contrition. "Of course he is your brother. I should remem—"

"My brother-in-law, dear," said Sara, a trifle too literally.

"He will come often to your house," went on Hetty rapidly. "I must make the best of it."

"He is your friend, Hetty. He admires you."

"I cannot see him through your eyes, Sara."

"But he is charming and agreeable, you'll admit," persisted the other.

"He is very kind, and he is devoted to you. I should like him for that."

"You have no cause for disliking him."

"I do not dislike him. I—am—Oh, you always have been so thoughtful, so considerate, Sara. I can't understand your failing to see how hard it is for me to—well, to endure his open-hearted friendship."

Sara was silent for moment. "You draw a pretty due line, Hetty," she said gently.

Hetty flushed. "You mean that there is little to choose between wife and brother? That isn't quite fair. You know everything, he knows nothing. I wear a mask for him; you have seen into the very heart of me. It isn't the same."

Sara came over and stood beside the girl's chair. After a moment of inde-

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a hard note growing in her voice: "this is my home. I do not love it, but I can see no reason for abandoning it. That is why we came back to New York."

Hetty pressed her friend's hand to her lips. "Forgive me," she cried impulsively. "I shouldn't have complained. It was detectable."

"Complain," went on Sara evenly.

"You were quite free to remain on the other side. I left it to you."

"You gave me a week to decide."

said Hetty in a hurried manner of speaking. "I—look but twenty-four hours—less than that. Over night, you remember. I love you, Sara. I could not leave you. All that night I could feel you pulling at my heart strings, pulling me closer, and holding me. You were in your room, I in mine, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the darkness, urging me to stay with you and love you and be loved by you. It couldn't have been a dream."

"It was not a dream," said Sara, with a queer smile.

"You do love me?" tensely.

"I do love you," was the firm answer. Sara was staring across the

in her dark hair, where it had been placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour earlier as they left the dinner table.

"He is coming out on the eleven-thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, "unless you will send the motor in for him. The body of his car is being changed and it's in the shop. He must have been jesting when he said he would pay for the petrol—I should have said gasoline."

Sara laughed. "You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is very light-hearted."

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like him, too, Hetty."

The emphasis did not escape notice.

"It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lamb for rest and recreation, Mr. Leslie says."

"Then he is at our very gates," said Sara, looking up suddenly.

"I wonder if he can be the man I saw yesterday at the bridge," mused Hetty. "Is he tall?"

"I really can't say. He's rather vague. It was six or seven years ago."

"It was left that Mr. Wrondall is to come out on the eleven-thirty," explained Hetty. "I thought you wouldn't like sending either of the motors in."

"And Mr. Booth?"

"We are to send for him after Mr. Wrondall arrives. He is stopping at the inn, wherever that may be."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Sara, with a grimace. "I am sure he will like us immensely if he has been stopped at the inn."

Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before giving expression to the thought that troubled her.

"Sara," she said, meeting her friend's eyes with a steady light in her own, "why did Mr. Wrondall ask for me instead of you? It is you he is coming to visit, not me. It is your house. Why should—"

"My dear," said Sara glibly, "I am merely his sister-in-law. It wouldn't be necessary to ask me if he should come. He knows he is welcome."

"Then why should he feel called upon to—"

"Some men like to telephone, I suppose," said the other coolly.

"I wonder if you will ever understand how I feel about—about certain things, Sara."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, his very evident interest in me," cried the girl hotly. "He sends me flowers—this is the second box this week—and he is so kind, so very friendly, Sara, that I can't bear it—I really can't."

Mrs. Wrondall stared at her. "You can't very well send him about his business," she said, "unless he becomes more than friendly. Now, can you?"

"But it seems so—so horrible, so beastly," groaned the girl.

Sara faced her squarely. "See here, Hetty," she said evenly, "we have made our bed, you and I. We must lie in it—together. If Leslie Wrondall chooses to fall in love with you, that is his affair, not ours. We must face every condition. In plain words, we must play the game."

"What could be more appalling than to have him fall in love with me?"

"The other way 'round would be more dramatic, I should say."

"Good God, Sara!" cried the girl in horror. "How can you even speak of such a thing?"

"After all, why shouldn't—" began Sara, but stopped in the middle of her suggestion, with the result that it had its full effect without being uttered in so many cold-blooded words. The girl shuddered.

I wish, Sara, you would let me unburden myself completely to you," she pleaded, seizing her friend's hands.

"You have forbidden me—"

Sara jerked her hands away. Her eyes flashed. "I do not want to hear it," she cried fiercely. "Never, never! Do you understand? It is your secret. I will not share it with you. I should hate you if I knew everything. As it is, I love you because you are a woman who suffered at the hand of one who made me suffer. There is nothing more to say. Don't bring up the subject again. I want to be your friend for ever, not your confidante. There is a distinction. You may be able to see how very marked it is in our case, Hetty. What one does not know, seldom hurts."

"But I want to justify myself—"

"It isn't necessary," cut in the other so promptly that the girl's eyes spread into a look of anger. Whereupon Sara Wrondall threw her arm about her and drew her down beside her in the chaise-lounge. "I didn't mean to be harsh," she cried. "We must not speak of the past, that's all. The future is not likely to hurt us, dear. Let us avoid the past."

"The future!" sighed the girl, staring blankly before her.

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am?" asked Watson, hesitating.

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the box of flowers for Miss Castleton. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrondall will be out on Saturday. Tell Mrs. Watson."

"The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

When Hetty hurried into the library a few minutes later, her manner was that of one considerably disturbed by something that had transpired almost on the moment. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were reflectors of a no uncertain distress of mind. Mrs. Wrondall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the silken black evening gown which she affected in those days. Her perfectly modelled neck and shoulders glistened like pink marble in the reflected glow of the burning logs. She wore no jewelry, but there was a single white sash.

Hetty looked up quickly from the book.

As she laid her hand on Hetty's shoulder, the girl looked up, the ever-recurring question in her eyes.

"We haven't spoken—or these things in many months, Hetty."

"Not since Mrs. Wrondall and Vivian came to New York. I was upset—dreadfully upset then, Sara. I don't know how I managed to get through with it."

"But you managed it," pronounced Sara. Her fingers seemed to tighten suddenly on the girl's shoulder. "I think we were quite wonderful, both of us. It wasn't easy for me."

"Why did we come back to New York, Sara?" burst out Hetty, clasping her friend's hand as if suddenly spurred by terror. "We were happy over there. And free!"

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a hard note growing in her voice: "this is my home. I do not love it, but I can see no reason for abandoning it. That is why we came back to New York."

Hetty pressed her friend's hand to her lips. "Forgive me," she cried impulsively. "I shouldn't have complained. It was detectable."

"Complain," went on Sara evenly.

"You were quite free to remain on the other side. I left it to you."

"You gave me a week to decide."

said Hetty in a hurried manner of speaking. "I—look but twenty-four hours—less than that. Over night, you remember. I love you, Sara. I could not leave you. All that night I could feel you pulling at my heart strings, pulling me closer, and holding me. You were in your room, I in mine, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the darkness, urging me to stay with you and love you and be loved by you. It couldn't have been a dream."

"It was not a dream," said Sara, with a queer smile.

"You do love me?" tensely.

"I do love you," was the firm answer. Sara was staring across the

in her dark hair, where it had been placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour earlier as they left the dinner table.

"He is coming out on the eleven-thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, "unless you will send the motor in for him. The body of his car is being changed and it's in the shop. He must have been jesting when he said he would pay for the petrol—I should have said gasoline."

Sara laughed. "You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is very light-hearted."

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like him, too, Hetty."

The emphasis did not escape notice.

"It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lamb for rest and recreation, Mr. Leslie says."

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Mrs. Wrondall stared at her. "I am coming to the station as the train comes in to bring him over," she said evenly.

"He will be wild to paint her," declared Hetty when they were out of sight around the bend in the road. He had waved his hat to Hetty just before the trees shut off their view of her. She was standing at the top of the steps beside one of the tall Italian vases.

Hetty, plied a sudden headache, decided to accompany them later on in the day when they set forth in the car to "pick up" Brandon Booth at the inn. They were to bring him over, bag and baggage, to stay till Tuesday.

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AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

Mrs. Asulin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little ones was born I was sick with pains in my sides which the doctors said were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASULIN, 228 Monroe St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Choice Variation.
"Nurse, what is your patient's mean temperature?"
"He hasn't got any other kind."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets can constipate. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

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Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any druggist. Adv.

Every year is leap year to the young widow who is wise to the game.

STOP THAT BACKACHE

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Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect will lead the way to colic, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

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A MICHIGAN CASE

Peter Lorch, Leecher, says: "I had such a backache brought on by hard work that I could hardly get out of bed. I tried to sleep on a hardparched mat, but I almost fainted. I tried over and over again, but I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and six boxes cured me."

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(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World) better digestion results, and then the food really nourishes and strengthens the body. The first dose gives relief and sounder sleep, quietner nerves, and improved action of all the bodily organs are caused by an occasional use of Beecham's Pills. They give universal satisfaction and in safety, sureness and quickness of action Beecham's Pills

Have No
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Sold everywhere. In boxes, 100s, 200s. The directions with every box are very valuable.

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will reduce inflammation, swelling, Joint, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Blisters; Head, Body, Poll-Evil, Quittor, Plethora, or any unhealthy sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and antiseptic. Please to note, does not burn, nor blister, nor irritate the skin. Price 75¢ per bottle. Send 75¢ for bottle.

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SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN FAR OFF NORTHWEST.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—Of Interest to the Scandinavians in America.

The visit of Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, to the Students' club of Christiania, to explain his opinions on the question of Norway's defenses, was pulled off without any mishap. Dr. Hedin awoke resentful sentiment in Norway by making a speech in a military club in Sweden wherein he severely criticized the poor condition of Norway's army and navy. Later, Dr. Hedin attacked the way in which journalists reported his remarks, whereupon the Christiania Students' club invited him here to explain them. The hall was crowded and he was received in absolute silence by the assembly. He spoke from manuscript, explaining in detail the political situation in Europe and the question of Russian conquest of the Scandinavian peninsula. He foreshadowed an absolute certainty a Russian advance into Sweden and Norway in the near future and described the ultimate disappearance of the two governments, unless both nations awoke to the necessity of immediate arming for mutual defense. Dr. Hedin was listened to for more than an hour without the slightest manifestation of approval or disapproval, but when he said that Sweden felt certain that Norway would never attack her unless compelled by a stronger power to do so, the audience applauded him wildly. He declared that a weak Norway was a menace to Sweden inasmuch as she would be compelled by a mutual foe to stand against Sweden instead of the two countries fighting together. At the conclusion of his speech he had completely captured his listeners.

NORWAY.

The senate of Hamburg has elected Prof. Stein Konow to a chair of Hindu history and civilization at the Colonial Institute of Hamburg. This is the more flattering because Germany has many able Sanskrit scholars. Said institute is going to take the rank of a university. There are about 7,000 Hindus in the German colonies in Africa, and the German government wants to be in close and intellectual touch with these. Professor Konow will receive a handsome salary, and it is taken for granted that he will have one European and one Hindu assistant. The English government had offered Professor Konow a somewhat similar position in Delhi, India.

Nils Karlson Svane and wife Hanne, nee Johansen, of Egersund, have celebrated their diamond wedding, having been married for 60 years. They have had nine children, eight of whom are living. The old folks have 65 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren. Nils Svane served as a pilot for 44 years, and the same position is now held by one of his sons.

A home for mentally defective people was established at Tokerud, Barum, in 1898. It was named after Mrs. Emma Hjort, who owned the property. Now she proposes to donate the institution to the state on condition that its name and general character remain unchanged. There are 17 buildings in all, and the property is worth about \$85,000.

Professor Nansen has said that it is perfectly proper to take the Fram to Norway. It is not good for the vessel to be kept long in tropical seas. It will also cost much less to repair it in Norway than abroad. The professor admits, however, that a year's delay will make Amundsen's Arctic expedition much more expensive than if he had started this year.

The number of persons that emigrated from Norway by water in 1913 was 8,850; in 1912 and 1911 the numbers were 7,977 and 11,227, respectively. The immigration to the country for the same years was 3,037, 3,003 and 2,975.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the late poet, Henrik Ibsen, has expressed himself in favor of a defensive alliance between Norway and Sweden. He also thinks it would be wise to be in a decidedly friendly touch with Germany.

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DENMARK.

Figuratively, the spire of Our Lady's church in Copenhagen is still in the air. The late millionaire brewer, Carl Jacobsen, was permitted by the consistory to pay for putting a handsome spire on that church, and nothing else pleased him so much during the closing days of his life. But those who are opposed to the plan have never given up their fight against it. After Jacobsen's death they seem to have put fresh vim into their agitation. A number of prominent men and very many others signed a protest against putting up the spire, and the council of the church unreservedly endorsed the stand of the protestants. This was a very serious matter, and the heirs and executors of the estate of Jacobsen, following a suggestion made by himself shortly before his death in case of renewed opposition, resolved to propose to the consistory that the money intended for the spire and the interest on the same be preserved as a distinct part of the New Carlsberg fund, provided that the directors of this fund shall, before January 1, 1925, offer the money for the erection of the spire, said offer to be in force to January 1, 1930; and further provided that if the money is not used for the erection of such spire, said money shall revert to the New Carlsberg fund and be devoted to something in which Mr. Jacobsen was interested.

Mr. Egan, United States minister to Denmark, is on leave in this country. In a lecture on intensive farming and co-operation in marketing in Denmark he calls attention to the remarkable success of the Danes in adjusting their production and distribution of farm products to changed social and economic conditions. The Danish farmers have done wonders by raising their poor soil to high productivity by cutting up the old great estates, exhausted 60 years ago by grain-growing, into small tracts for intensive cultivation under strong fertilization to produce butter, eggs, poultry, bacon and vegetables for the great neighboring markets of Germany and England.

When these cars were ready, a switch engine coupled them all and took them to fill in a swamp. They took along also the car of ore, which was dumped with the cinders into the mud. The discovery of a few pieces of rich silver ore among the ashes attracted the attention of track-walkers or others, and led to inquiry. Of course it was impossible to rescue the ore, and the railway company had to pay the shippers for its estimated value.

We are accustomed to hear from time to time of ships reported missing, no trace of them being found afterwards, but it is doubtful if many of us had thought of the possibility of losing engines or railway cars on land, though it is a fact that the experience of the English is not without parallel in Canada. Anyone who is watching a freight train pass, if not familiar with the checking system at all junction points, might wonder how cars ever got back "home again" for the average freight train is made up of units from United States railroads, often thousands of miles away and, excepting in the case of coal trains, it frequently happens that there are more cars belonging to other systems than to the one on which the train may be traveling.

A strange mishap occurred to Dr. Seldelin, a dentist at Talastrups, as he was about to move an electric lamp. In some way the current was closed, and he was suddenly paralyzed so that he could not stir. He had to remain standing in the same position until some one came and rescued him. During this time he suffered terribly. The current passed into one of his thumbs, in which two holes were burned larger and larger as the time passed. After he had been released from his dangerous and painful position he had to get a surgeon to dress the wounds.

Bach-Olsen took his circus to Sweden, but met with bad luck. At Uddersta the Conservatives had rented all the halls to prevent the Liberals from holding any political meeting. The latter asked Bach-Olsen to rent out his tent to them. But he did not dare to mix up in politics. So the Liberals used his tent anyway, which made him so disgusted that he turned to Denmark double quick.

SWEDEN.

The recent elections of provincial legislatures (landstings) are important mainly because those bodies elect members of the first chamber of the Riksdag. The first chamber was not dissolved last winter. But if it is dissolved the new chamber to be elected by the new landsting would not differ much from the present chamber. The Conservatives could lose three seats, namely, one in Kronoberg to the Socialists, and one in Orebro to the Liberals (or Socialists). The Conservatives would gain two seats, namely, one from the Liberals in Värmland and one in Jamtland. The Liberals would lose four seats to the Socialists, namely, one in each of the following provinces: Östergötland, Kopparberg, Gefleborg, and Västernorrland. The loss of a fifth seat (Elfsborg) is not improbable. In other words, the Conservatives would lose one seat in the first chamber and the Liberals four (possibly six), and the Socialists would gain five (possibly seven). If these estimates are correct a new first chamber would have 85 Conservatives, 48 Liberals (possibly 47), and 17 (possibly 18) Socialists.

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CAR FOUND 'DROWNED'

IN FIFTEEN FEET OF WATER AND HAD NOT BEEN MISSED.

Not the Only Queer Disappearance That Has Place on Railroad Records—Lead of Silver Ore Dumped in Swamp.

Some years ago, at Nelson, British Columbia, a freight car was discovered quite accidentally in ten or fifteen feet of water off the dock.

If the railroad company had ever missed the car there was no record of it at Nelson, and the only explanation that the local agents could make was that some careless switching engineer had bumped the car off the dock and had failed to report its loss, possibly through fear of being reprimanded or losing his position.

The contents of freight cars frequently disappear equally mysteriously. Some years ago a valuable consignment of ore from a Canadian mine was sent to New York for delivery to a local smelter. The ore did not arrive, and the usual "tracers" sent out from both ends failed to find the missing shipment. Months afterward this was discovered. Through some oversight the papers were missing when the freight train drew into the New York terminal, and the car was shunted to a side-track to await information. It happened that this track was one where carloads of clinders from the roundhouse were accumulated.

When these cars were ready, a switch engine coupled them all and took them to fill in a swamp. They took along also the car of ore, which was dumped with the cinders into the mud. The discovery of a few pieces of rich silver ore among the ashes attracted the attention of track-walkers or others, and led to inquiry. Of course it was impossible to rescue the ore, and the railway company had to pay the shippers for its estimated value.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Is the Housewife's Greatest Help.

WHAT so tempting to the laggard appetite as a light, flaky, fruit short cake or a delicate hot biscuit?

Royal makes the perfect short cake, biscuit and muffin, and improves the flavor and healthfulness of all risen flour-foods.

It renders the biscuit, hot-bread and short cake more digestible and nutritious, at the same time making them more attractive and appetizing.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for the preparation all the year round of perfect foods.

one of you did it?" He scowled at Dick. "Did she kill him?"

"I told you no!"

"Well, then," he blustered to the girl, "did he kill him?"

The nod of his head was toward Dick. Then as she remained silent, "I'm talking to you!" he snapped.

"Did he kill him?"

The reply came with a soft distinctness that was like a crash of destiny.

"Yes."

Dick turned to his wife in reproachful amazement.

"Mary!" he cried incredulously.

"You'll swear he killed him?" Burke asked briskly.

"Why not?" she responded listlessly.

At this intolerable assertion as he deemed it, Edward Gilder sat rigidly erect in his chair.

"God!" he cried despairingly. "And that's your vengeance!"

"I don't want vengeance—now!" she said.

"But they'll try my boy for murder," the magistrate remonstrated, distraught.

"Oh, no, they can't!" came the rejoinder.

"What's the reason we can't?" Burke stormed.

"Because my husband merely killed a burglar. He shot him in defense of his home!"

• • • • •

In his office next morning Inspector Burke was fuming over the failure of his conspiracy. He had hoped through this plot to vindicate his authority, so sadly flaunted by Garson and Mary Turner. Instead of this much to be desired result from his scheming the outcome had been nothing less than disastrous.

Some one had murdered Griggs, the stool pigeon. The murderer could not go unpunished. The slayer's identity must be determined. To the discovery of this identity, the inspector was at the present moment devoting himself by ardent questioning of Dacey and Chicago Red, who had been arrested in one of their accustomed haunts.

"Come across now!" he admonished.

His voice rolled forth like that of a bull of Bashan. He was on his feet, facing the two thieves. His head was thrust forward menacingly, and his eyes were savage.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"

"Good God, no!" Dick shouted,aghast.

"Then it was you!"

"No, no! He didn't!" Mary's words came frantically.

Burke reiterated the accusation.

"One of you killed Griggs. Which

Burke gave Dacey, who chanced to

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VELLER

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(continued from last week)

"You can see for yourself," he said grimly to the dumfounded magistrate. "So, he went on, with somber mien in his voice, "you did it, young man." He nodded toward the detective. "Well, Cassidy, you can take 'em both downtown. That's all."

The command aroused Dick to remonstrance against such indignity toward the woman he loved.

"Not her!" he cried imploringly. "You don't want her, Inspector? This is all wrong!"

"Dick," Mary advised quietly, "don't talk, please."

"What do you expect?" Burke inquired truculently. "As a matter of fact, the thing's simple enough, young man. Either you killed Griggs or she did."

The inspector with his charge made a careless gesture toward the corpse of the murdered stool pigeon. Edward Gilder looked and saw the ghastly, inanimate heap of flesh and bone that had once been a man. He fairly reeled at the spectacle, then stumbled with an outstretched hand until he laid hold on a chair, into which he sank helplessly.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"

"Good God, no!" Dick shouted, aghast.

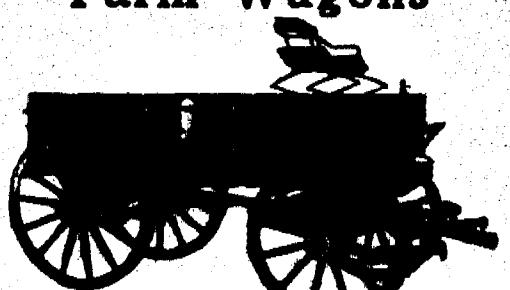
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CRAWFORD AVALANCHE



be the nearer of the two, a move that sent the fellow staggering halfway across the room under its impetus.

"Dacey, how long have you been out?"

"A week."

"Want to go back for another speech?"

"God, no!"

"Who shot Griggs?"

The reply was a chorus from the two:

"I don't know—honest, I don't."

In his eagerness Chicago Red moved toward his questioner.

"Honest to God, I don't know nothing about it!"

The inspector's fist shot out toward Chicago Red's jaw. The thief went to his knees under the blow.

"Now, get up—and talk!" Burke's voice came with unrepentant boldness against the stricken man.

Cringing Chicago Red obeyed as far as the getting to his feet was concerned. While he got slowly to his feet he took care to keep at a respectful distance from the official.

Cassidy entered the inspector's office to announce the arrival of the district attorney.

"Send 'em in," Burke directed. He made a gesture toward the doorman and added, "Take 'em back!"

"I came as soon as I got your message," the district attorney said as he seated himself in a chair by the desk. "And I've sent word to Mr. Gilder. Now, then, Burke, let's have this thing quickly!"

The inspector's explanation was concise:

"Joe Garson, Chicago Red and Dacey, along with Griggs, broke into Edward Gilder's house last night. I knew the trick was going to be pulled off, and so I planted Cassidy and a couple of other men just outside the room where the haul was to be made. Then I went away, and after something like half an hour I came back to make the arrests myself. When I broke into the room I found young Gilder alone with that Turner woman he married, and they were just talking together."

"How perfectly absurd! I was calling on Miss Mary Turner!"

"How did you come to meet her anyhow?"

"I was introduced to Miss Turner by Mr. Richard Gilder. Perhaps you have heard of his father, the owner of the Emporium."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of his father and of him too."

"Then you must see at once that you are entirely mistaken in this matter."

"You see, young lady, the fact is that even if you were introduced to Miss Turner by young Mr. Gilder this same Mary Turner herself is an ex-convict, and she's just been arrested for murder."

"Murder!" the girl gasped.

"Yes. You see if there's a mistake about you you don't want it to go any further—not a mile farther, that's sure. So, you see, now, that's one of the reasons why I must know just who you are."

"You should have told me all about this horrid thing in the first place." Now the girl's manner was transformed. She smiled wistfully on the inspector and spoke with a simplicity that was peculiarly potent in its effect on the official.

"My name is Helen Travers West," she announced.

"Not the daughter of the railway president?"

"Yes," the girl admitted. "Oh, please don't tell any one," she begged prettily. "Surely, sir, you see now quite plainly why it must never be known by any one in all the wide, wide world that I have ever been brought to this perfectly dreadful place—though you have been quite nice. Please let me go home." She plucked a minute handkerchief from her hand bag, put it to her eyes and began to sob quietly.

"The burly inspector of police was moved to quick sympathy."

"That's all right, little lady," he exclaimed cheerfully. "Now, don't you be worried, not a little bit. Take it from me, Miss West. Just go ahead and tell me all you know about this Turner woman. Did you see her yesterday?"

The girl's sobs ceased. After a final dab with the minute handkerchief she leaned forward a little toward the inspector and proceeded to put a question to him with great earnestness.

"Will you let me go home as soon as I've told you the teeny little I know?"

"Yes," Burke agreed promptly, with an encouraging smile. He added as one might to an alarmed child. "No one is going to hurt you, young lady."

"Well, then, you see, it was this way," began the brisk explanation. "Mr. Gilder was calling on me one afternoon, and he said to me then that he knew a very charming young woman who—"

"Did you see them go in?"

"No, I didn't, Griggs!"

"You can search me!" the inspector answered. "My men were just outside the door of the room where Eddie Griggs was shot to death, and none of them heard a sound. It's that infernal silencer thing. Of course, I know that all the gang was in the house."

"Well, then, I'll charge young Gilder with murder and call the Turner woman as a witness."

"You can't question her on the witness stand. The law doesn't allow you to make a wife testify against her husband. No, Burke, your only chance of getting the murderer of Griggs is by a confession."

"Then I'll charge them both with the murder," the inspector growled vindictively. "And, by—, they'll both go to trial unless someone comes through. If it's my last act on earth, I'm going to get the man who shot Eddie Griggs."

Burke, after the lawyer had left him, watched the door expectantly for the coming of Aggie Lynch, whom he had ordered brought before him. But when at last Dan appeared and stood aside to permit her passing into the office, the inspector gasped at the unexpectation of the vision. The next instant the inspector forgot his surprise in a sincere, almost ardent admiration.

The girl was rather short, but of a slender elegance of form that was ravishing. Her costume had about it an indomitable air, a quality of perfection in its kind. On another it might have appeared perhaps the merest trifling. But that fault was made into a virtue by the correcting influence of the girl's face. It was a childlike, smooth face, the soft, pink skin, childlike in the wondering stare of the blue eyes, now so widely opened in dismay, childlike in the wistful drooping of the rounded mouth.

"Now, then, my girl," Burke said roughly. "I want to know!"

There came a change, wrought in the twinkling of an eye. The tiny, trimly shod foot of the girl rose and fell in a wretched stamp.

"What do you mean by this out-

stared from one to the other and his jaw dropped from the stark surprise.

The girl returned deliberately to the chair she had occupied through the interview with the inspector and dropped into it weakly. It was after a minute of silence, in which the two men sat staring, that at last she spoke with a savage wrath against the pit into which she had fallen after her arduous efforts.

"Ain't that the—est buck!"

"Cassidy, do you know this woman?" asked Burke.

"Sure I do!" came the placid answer. "She's little Aggie Lynch—con woman, from Buffalo—two years for blackmail—old her time at Burnsing."

For a little time there was silence, the while Burke sat staring at the averted face of the girl. Then he set his features grimly, rose from his chair and walked to position directly in front of the girl, who still refused to look in his direction.

"On the level, now," the inspector demanded, "when did you see Mary Turner last?"

"Early this morning. We slept together last night because I had the willies. She blew the joint about half past 10."

"What's the use of your lying to me?"

"So help me!" Aggie continued with the utmost solemnity. "Mary never left the house all night. I'd swear that's the truth on a pile of Bibles a mile high!"

"Have to be higher than that. Mary Turner was arrested just after mid-

night. You see, young lady, you were found in the house of a notorious crook."

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